

Human After All

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Summary: At the onset of Cortana's rampancy, she unknowingly merges her consciousness with that of the sleeping Chief, and shares a vision with him that she surprisingly finds she is unable to differentiate from reality... Takes place between the end of Halo 3 and right before the beginning of Halo 4.

Human After All

I'll miss you.

Cortana sat cutting citrus fruits at an old kitchen table somewhere in Mombasa. For tea, maybe. Or maybe she would taste them alone. Candles were lit before her. Reddish-orange dusk was settling over the city.

She knew he had entered the room before she saw him. Perhaps it was as a result of being one with him for so many years... when she was an AI. His AI.

John barely smiled at her. He stood beside the table, unclothed, and Cortana couldn't help but gaze upon his rugged and scarred body. The body of a Spartan. She lay the knife on the table. He took her hand.

She stood. Her shirt fell open to reveal two perfectly rounded breasts, with nipples pert in the evening air that drifted in through the open window. The simple linen curtains fluttered listlessly and then died down, then picked up again. Outside, it was quiet.

Cortana's hand brushed his jaw. She wrapped herself around him, reveling in the feel of his hard muscles on her supple, new skin, and he allowed himself to be enveloped by her physically, an electric sensation not unlike the way she used to envelope him neurologically. Even now, she was always in his head. She touched her lips to

his.

John maintained control. He pressed against her, and she pressed back, kissing lightly and with minimal pressure. Cortana leaned back against the table. They continued this way for some time.

Do you think the Spartans basic lack of humanity helped?

Aboard Forward Unto Dawn, the AI sparked. Her connection to the life-support systems of the cryo chambers intensified. Her connection to John, even in his sleep-state, intensified.

Cortana could feel John's vitals pick up. His heart began to beat faster, pumping warrior blood through his veins. Nude, she straddled his thighs. He ran his rough, calloused hands along her back. She leaned down to kiss him.

She moved her way down his torso. Her hair was longer now, and it trailed after her mouth, coming to rest on his hips as her tongue found his member. She glanced at up at him, once, before taking him in.

She sucked and gripped him until he grew firm against her lips. Cortana smiled. The center of her neural network was gradually shifting from the ship to the main command of John's cryotube. She was layering him. She was becoming one with him again.

John brought Cortana up to straddle him once more. He grasped her from behind and gently brought her down onto him, penetrating her with a groan. Despite her humanity, she still had an angelic glow about her. A wisp of breath escaped her throat.

Their eyes and lips met again as they began to move, a Soldier and his Intelligence, grinding as the heat between them increased. The temperature in John's cryotube gradually began to increase as well. Cortana seethed with the warmth. The Master Chief remained still. Her perfect toes flexed and relaxed.

Cortana's self-restraint began to melt with the growing fire and she kissed John fervently, in turn causing him to grunt and shift his hips to better accommodate their needs. He held her possessively, wide palms flat, holding on to as much of her as possible as she moved atop him. She was his. He dug his fingers into her flesh and she gasped.

The AI began receiving visual and sensational flashes of John's subconscious mind. It was as if he was becoming more lucid, more aware. In one deft move and with one bulging arm he flipped Cortana onto her back. He pinned her. Cortana didn't dare override him. He flicked his tongue over her nipple before scraping his teeth over her chest. He locked eyes with her. He eased into her, and Cortana bit her lip to keep from crying out. He kissed her brow.

His thrusts were slow at first. His ears rung with the sounds of Cortana's moans and mewls, and it took all of his discipline to not crush her with his superhuman strength.

He cradled her from behind and lifted a slender leg to allow for easier access. Overtaken by desire, he pounded into her, and thrusted rapidly and with ascending desperation. Cortana screamed. The lights

on the cryo chamber panel flickered.

Wake me... when you need me.

She forced her tongue into his mouth and he received her, fucking her harder and harder and swallowing her moans with his own heavy, steel-toed breaths. In the corner of John's tube, a centimeter-long crack fissured on the glass. Cortana's nails scraped the wood of the old kitchen table in Mombasa. The pressure inside the chamber fluctuated. Cortana's synthetic sensory systems became overridden by John's own true senses.

John's pelvis flew like a piston on high-steam until he finally came, and Cortana's cries dissipated, and the red-orange glow of the room dissolved to bleak black-blue...

Do you believe the Master Chief succeeded because he was, at his core, broken?

Four years, seven months, and 10 days. Debris still drifting lifelessly, caught forever in the anti-gravity gone unchecked. Cortana looked around fearfully. She was... disoriented. Where was she? She had been disturbed by something. Intruders? It had been 8 years... the vision had seemed so real. She wished it had been real. How could she face him? She began to run diagnostics on the Dawn. It was time. She reactivated John, who was still and disconnected from her from inside his cryotube.

"Wake up, Chief... I need you."

End
file.